no sound. The sunlight fell on utter loveliness of rock and tree and fern, but nothing stirred of itself, nothing had conscious life. From a peak high overhead there stretched a faint scarf of mist and as one watched it grew and moved. Slowly, silently, mysteriously, it reached out towards the valley and my island rock. You listened for it as it were, but like death and time there was no sound. I knew that I must go.

A century and less ago the strolling players of the *Arioi* made these rocks ring with song and dance, not so greatly otherwise than the Bacchantes of ancient Greece ; and if, to our seeming, heathen and perhaps cruel, at least they met a native need in a natural way. I thought how the Tahitians of those days came moreover as nearly to the simple communal primitive life as ever man has come. They loved beauty, they worshipped mystery, they made brotherhood a reality. Nymph and satyr lived in these brakes, with the high gods

friendly over all. Pan played his pipes among the reeds. The Western sailor, from Captain Cook downwards, found here a Paradise. But he entered as the devil entered Eden. He brought